

HARVEY hangs up the phone and shakes his head.

HARVEY
(Shouting into nothingness)
Donna, get the goddamn in here
right now.

DONNA casually strolls into the office like the alien wearing a red dress and blonde wig at the end of Mars Attacks!

DONNA
You better have a good goddamn
reason for yelling at me like that,
Harvey.

HARVEY
I need you to book Conference Room
W for me for the next hour.

DONNA
Harvey, I'm a Partner in this firm
now. I don't book your conference
rooms anymore. And anyway, the firm
is a sinking ship, Harvey, there
are only 5 employees that even work
here. If you need the conference
room, just go to it and sit down in
it.

HARVEY
(Shouting)
Mike! Get in here!

DONNA
Mike isn't here, Harvey.

HARVEY
Well where the Hell is he?

DONNA
How could I possibly know that,
Harvey?

HARVEY
Because you're Donna?

DONNA
He's probably at home, seeing as
how it's 2am.

HARVEY
Donna, get me my phone.

Donna gently nudges the phone on Harvey's desk slightly closer to him.

HARVEY (cont'd)
(continued)
Get out.

Donna slowly saunters out of the room, like one of those inflatable men outside of car dealerships, but low on air. Harvey dials the phone.

2 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN

2

The phone on the wall rings. MIKE picks it up and puts the listening side of it to his ear, and the talky side to his mouth. He speaks into it.

MIKE
Harvey what do you want it's 2:15
AM in the morning.

HARVEY
Do you remember Pork?

MIKE
The food or the company?

HARVEY
Both.

MIKE
I do.

HARVEY
Well, they need a favor and they
need it right now.

MIKE
Harvey, it's 2:30 in the morning,
what could they possibly need right
now?

HARVEY
Barbecue sauce.

MIKE
I must be going through a tunnel. I
could have sworn you said barbecue
sauce.

HARVEY

I don't want to argue with you over this, Mike. On the first day we met, you were carrying a brief case full of drugs.

MIKE

Yeah? So?

HARVEY

Let me finish. You were carrying a briefcase full of drugs, and you stumbled into my office. We quizzed each other on the law, and you got every question right. Because of your memory, your absolute bullshit 100% real memory. I took a chance on you, and I hired you, and together we tried cases while lying to the whole world. Do you remember that?

MIKE

I remember, Harvey.

HARVEY

It seems like we only kept it secret for about a season - by season I mean like winter, spring, fall, and summer, not television seasons, obviously - because before we knew it, Jessica knew it. And then Hardman came back and caused a fuss. You met Rachel, but each of your eyes were pointing a different direction, if you know what I mean.

MIKE

I do not.

HARVEY

Donna and I were facing accusations of burying evidence, and Hardman used that to try and force a managing partner position for himself. To resolve this problem in the most logical fashion, we merged with a British firm, with a super British name that I forget.

MIKE

Edward Darby.

HARVEY

Never heard of him. So, we're merged with this British firm and Luis is having trouble with the British Luis. I'm trying to get name partner - again, or still, I'm not really sure - and you and Rachel had just moved in together after she got accepted into Columbia. And then, you quit the firm and went to work as an investment banker. Remember that case we had against each other? Good times. Anyway, Luis got fired, found out about you, got rehired, and I was the new name partner. You were fired from the banker job and rehired here. Then I started seeing a therapist because Donna became someone else's secretary - I know - and Luis was losing his mind about it. Because, you know how when one grown man goes to therapy, it's natural for another grown man that he works with to get jealous of that?

MIKE

Uh-huh.

HARVEY

And then there was that whole Jack Soloff thing and then you went to prison. That guy in prison was trying to kill you... what was his name?

MIKE

Frank Gallo.

HARVEY

(off by a second)

Frank Gallo. I knew I would remember. Sometimes it takes you asking a question out loud for you to remember the answer. So Frank is trying to kill you, blah blah blah, you get out of prison, like, really fast. We pulled a deal with the SEC or something, it's all kind of a blur. So you get a job at a free clinic, and we basically lose everything here, and it seems like

(MORE)

HARVEY (cont'd)
we've been trying to get our heads
above water since.

MIKE
Harvey...

HARVEY
My point is, you have a good
memory. That's why we need you.

MIKE
What does a memory have to do with
barbecue sauce?

HARVEY
There's a longer story here that I
haven't told you yet.

MIKE
Oh no.

HARVEY
They went to the store earlier
today and they couldn't find it.

MIKE
Yeah?

HARVEY
That's it.

MIKE
So what does that have to do with
me?

HARVEY
Well, have you ever been to the
store before?

MIKE
Of course I have. I go to the store
seemingly every week for groceries
and other essentials.

HARVEY
Yes, the store is great. Everyone
should go to the store.

They both look at the camera.

MIKE

So I've been to the store, so what?

HARVEY

So then you know where it is. That memory of yours, all you have to do is step foot inside the store and you'll instantly have the blueprint memorized.

MIKE

It's true. Damn this memory!

HARVEY

So you'll do it?

MIKE

Harvey, it's 2:31 in the morning. Do I have to do it right now?

HARVEY

Mike, if you don't do this, they're pulling their contract. This is one of our last clients, we literally can't afford this.

MIKE

That's blackmail. Or extortion. I can never really remember the difference.

HARVEY

They got us by the pendulum, Mike. We have to do it.

MIKE

Harvey, there's no precedent for this. You can't make someone do menial tasks for you because of some weird legal loophole and a owed favor.

HARVEY

What about the case of Seinfeld v Butler? He gets in a car accident, and the judge sentences him to be his butler.

MIKE

You're right. Jesus, I remember that case. The media frenzy was a goddamn shit-storm.

HARVEY
So you'll do it?

MIKE
Count me in.

HARVEY
One, two, one two three four!

3 INT HARVEY'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

3

LUIS walks in at an extremely brisk pace.

LUIS
Harvey, I need to talk to you.

HARVEY
Not now, Luis. Can't you see I'm
waiting for Mike?

LUIS
I mean, I can see that you're
waiting, obviously. But I can't
necessarily tell who you're waiting
for just by looking at you.

HARVEY
What do you want, Luis?

LUIS
Do you know Cheese?

HARVEY
The food or the company?

LUIS
Both. It turns out they are being
sued by Milk.

HARVEY
Goddammit. Why?

LUIS
Milk is claiming that Cheese stole
their recipe and infringed on their
patents. I did some preliminary
digging, and it turns out...
they're right. Cheese is literally
made from milk.

HARVEY

How long has this been going on?

LUIS

That's the thing, Harvey. I read through every book in the library. I couldn't find a time before this was going on.

HARVEY

You mean to tell me that we've been representing a liar and a thief this whole time?

LUIS

Harvey, just because they did some things we may not understand or agree with, that doesn't mean we don't have to help them. They are our clients, and we are their attorneys. If we don't help them out of this, then we're not their lawyers - we're just two guys in Suits that give legal advice and argue for them in a court of law.

HARVEY

You're right. If we're being honest, we can't afford losing them as a client. They may be cheats and fools, but they are the source of a lot of our cheddar.

Harvey rubs his fingers to his thumb. You know, the cha-ching motion.

LUIS

I couldn't imagine our breakroom without it. Crackers are so bland.

Mike walks in.

MIKE

At least you're self aware, Luis.

Harvey mimes hitting a home run. Mike mimes slam dunking a basketball. Harvey mimes kicking a goal. Mike mimes writing a paper and then giving a speech. Harvey mimes giving him a Nobel prize. Mike mimes walking out of the building and Luis mimes robbing him in the parking lot and taking his Nobel prize away. Mike mimes calling the cops. Harvey mimes being the cops and saying "There's nothing we can do". Mike mimes falling into a depression, doing heroin, and eventually overdosing.

HARVEY
Tell me you have good news, Mike.

MIKE
About what?

HARVEY
Anything, it doesn't matter. I just got some bad news, and I like to keep my life balanced as much as I can.

MIKE
Well, if you're looking for good news regarding the pork case, I am afraid I can't help you with that.

HARVEY
Why the hell not?

MIKE
Because it's only been like 5 hours?

HARVEY
5 hours was enough time to build the pyramids, but you can't solve a case about meat? What am I even paying you for? Get out of my sight. The next thing I want to hear from you is "It's done."

MIKE
Okay, Harvey. I'll get on it right--

Harvey has his eyes closed, his fingers in his ears. He is shaking his head back and forth.

HARVEY
La la la la la la la I can't hear you la la la la la.

Mike walks out of the room, frustrated.

LUIS
So, what's our plan, Harvey?

HARVEY
Get the cheese guys in here. Now.

LUIS
I'm on it.

HARVEY
Where the hell are they, Luis?

LUIS
What--?

HARVEY
I said I wanted them here now!

LUIS
Harvey you can't be serious.

Harvey crosses his arm and turns his back to Luis.

LUIS (cont'd)
(continued)
Harvey.

HARVEY
Hmph.

Luis exits. Outside, the sun sets dramatically.

4 INT MIKE'S OFFICE

4

Outside, the sun rises again. It's still daytime, after all. The sun was just helping Harvey make a point. Mike is sitting in front of a table that is littered with stacks of paper. He scratches his head with both hands. Gus enters. I know that isn't his character's name, but I forgot it, and also I really like Psych.

GUS
What are you doing in here, Mike?
All this paper laying around, you
look like your trying to rebuild
the rainforest.

MIKE
I have to go get barbecue sauce for
the pork guys or else they, like a
toothbrush dealing with bacteria on
an orthodontic mouthpiece, are
going to take us off of retainer.

GUS
Barbecue sauce? What?

MIKE

I know. Apparently they couldn't find it. Something seems suspicious about this whole thing, but I just can't place my finger on it. They're planning something, I know it.

GUS

I'm obligated to tell you that you're wrong about whatever you think is going wrong. Despite the fact that every time you've "gone with your gut", you've been absolutely 100% correct, I'm going to have to go with my gut and tell you to drop this. Just get the sauce, Mike.

MIKE

Wait a minute... just get the sauce.... just get the sauce.... That's it.

Mike exits. RACHEL enters.

RACHEL

Is Mike here?

GUS

He just left.

RACHEL

How long ago?

GUS

Like, as you were coming in. You two passed each other.

RACHEL

Dammit, I'll never catch him.

GUS

I can still see him.

RACHEL

Can you give him a message for me when he gets back?

GUS

I'm not staying here, I have a meeting-

RACHEL
Can you tell him-

GUS
Seriously, I'm not staying here.

RACHEL
Tell him that-

GUS
Just leave him a note or something.

Outside the office, Mike sneezes. Donna says "Bless you,"
Mike says "Thank you."

RACHEL
Can you tell him that I stopped by?
Gus sighs. He sits down in Mike's chair.

GUS
Fine.

RACHEL
You're a life saver.

Gus looks outside the window at the city skyline. Outside
the office we hear Rachel say "Hey Mike," and Mike responds
"Hey Rachel."

5 INT. LUIS' OFFICE

5

Luis is on the phone. He is scratching his head with both
hands.

LUIS
And you're absolutely certain that
there's no way you can already be
here?

Luis shakes his head 'yes', he appears to understand the
words they are saying to him. It's impossible to know if he
actually does, as he is a fictional character in a
television program.

LUIS (cont'd)
Alright, thanks. (muttering to
himself) for nothing.

He places the phone receiver in the inside pocket of his
suit jacket. He stands up and walks out of the office, the
phone dragging behind him.

6

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF LUIS' OFFICE

6

Donna is walking around like she's in those prison handcuffs that attach your hands to your feet with a long chain. Luis walks up to her with purpose.

DONNA

Hey Luis, what's up?

LUIS

Donna, I need your help.

DONNA

What is it, Luis?

LUIS

I was supposed to have the people from Cheese here, like, 30 minutes ago. But they aren't here. What can I do, Donna? You have to help me, Donna.

DONNA

Calm down, Luis. It's going to be okay. When was the last time you talked to them?

LUIS

Donna, goddammit. How can I possibly know when the last time I'll talk to them will be? That could be years... decades from now.

DONNA

You're right. It's okay, Luis. We will figure this out.

Mike walks by.

LUIS

Mike!

MIKE

Not now, Luis.

Before Luis can even react, Mike is gone. Luis sighs. Rachel walks by.

LUIS

Rachel.

RACHEL
Not now, Luis.

Luis blinks and Rachel is gone. Luis is a weird mix of angry and teary-eyed. Steve Buscemi (if we can get him, if not, any dark-haired actor with bug eyes will do).

LUIS
Steve Buscemi!

STEVE BUSCEMI
Not now, Luis.

7 INT. MIKE'S OFFICE

7

Mike walks back into his office. Gus is sitting in his chair still.

MIKE
Hey... what are you still doing here?

GUS
I have a message for you from Rachel.

MIKE
Oh. Okay, just write it down somewhere, please. I think I made a break in the case.

Gus scribbles words on a piece of paper and heads towards the door.

MIKE (cont'd)
(continued)
You see, Pork's headquarters is in South Memphis. Which is a predominately dry BBQ area. That means they don't use sauce at all. So, why would they need me to pick up sauce for them?

GUS
I don't know, why?

MIKE
I'll tell you why. There's something in that sauce they don't want other people finding, so they want me to pick it up and hand deliver it to them. They know full
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)

well that there's only one brand of sauce in existence and there's only one store in this city, so it's only a matter of time until some unsuspecting bystander picks it up by mistake. And I couldn't have figured this out without you saying that seemingly benign and very generic comment. But, that led me to this question: What's up with the sauce?

GUS

What is up with the sauce?

MIKE

That's what I'm still trying to figure out. As far as I can tell, it's one of two things. Either, the sauce has expired and they don't want anyone getting sick, or - more likely - they accidentally printed an internal memo on the inside of the label.

GUS

It's probably not the second one.

MIKE

That's what I thought, too. But, when you said "It's probably not the second one," that made me think. They probably don't want me to think it's the second one, which is why they even had the audacity to ask. Think of it this way, if you didn't want me to not give you something, would you not tell me the worse part to get me to do it after all?

GUS

Yes?

MIKE

Yes....? Yes? Wait a minute....
that's it! Stay here!

Mike runs out of his office. Gus sits back down and sighs. The sun sets slowly as we fade to black and white. Gus writes another note out. This one says "Nobody ever stops by to see me..."

8 INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE

8

The sun has come back up and we are back in color. Harvey is counting his records.

HARVEY
...three... four... fi-

Luis enters

LUIS
Harvey!

HARVEY
Goddammit, Luis! You made me lose count.

LUIS
Sorry, Harvey. I thought you would want to know that I have the folks from Cheese in Conference Room 4.

HARVEY
Well what the hell are we doing standing around here?

LUIS
Well, I was telling you about how I have them in the conference room, and you were listening to me tell you that thing about having them in the conference room.

HARVEY
Let's go, Luis.

Both exit stage left.

9 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 4

9

Conference Room 4 is decorated to look like a jungle. After Jessica left, the Suits team decided it would be a good idea to give each room its own personality - like they do in Pediatrician offices or cheap sex motels. Two people from Cheese (AARON and RODGER) are sitting across from Harvey and Luis. They are wearing a button up and tie, with a Packers jersey over that, and a suit jacket over the jersey. A leaf from one of the jungle trees partially covers one of their faces. Bugs, birds, and monkeys can be heard in the background.

HARVEY

Look guys, we've represented you for a long time.

AARON

We know, Harvey. But to be honest, sometimes it feels like if we weren't paying you, you wouldn't even be representing us.

RODGER

It's like the only time you're willing to offer your services is when we're willing to pay for them. And that puts a strain on our relationship.

HARVEY

Aaron, Rodger, come on. You don't mean that.

AARON

I don't know, Harvey, I think we do. I really do think we do.

HARVEY

Look, fellas, we can fix this whole milk thing. We can make it go away like that.

Harvey snaps his fingers, but no sound is made. He tries again. He tries again and finally gets a pretty good one.

HARVEY (cont'd)

(continued)

I'm the closer, guys. It's what I do. I hate going to court, so I get settlements. Everyone knows that about me. Frankly, I have no idea how court even works, to be honest. Where do I sit? What does the judge do? How do I know when it's my turn to talk? I find the whole thing to be very confusing. That's why I close. I give my clients the closure I don't give my girlfriends. I get coffee whenever I want it, because coffee is for closers, and as we previously established - a closer am I.

AARON
 Alright, you've convinced us. We'll
 let you help us. Pro bono.

LUIS
 Deal.

HARVEY
 Now, why don't you start by telling
 us what happened.

The camera blurs out of focus as we fade to black.

We fade back in.

AARON
 Well, it all started when I was a
 kid. I loved milk. So much.

RODGER
 He really did.

HARVEY
 Did you two grow up together?

RODGER
 No.

HARVEY
 Oh.

AARON
 As I was saying. It all started
 when I was a kid. I loved milk. So
 much. I would have it with every
 meal, and if I'm being honest, I
 would sometimes have it between
 meals.

Luis gasps.

AARON (cont'd)
 I know. So one day, I left the milk
 out for a week.

LUIS
 Where were you parents?

AARON
 At work.

LUIS
For a week?

AARON
They were dead, okay? I just don't want you to call Child Protective Services and have me taken away!

HARVEY
Your secret is safe with us. Please go on.

AARON
So, as I was saying. One day, I left the milk out for a week. And when I came back to it the next day, it was solid. Against my better judgment, I tasted it - and it was delicious. I smiled the biggest smile of my life. So, since it made me smile, I decided to name it with the word people use to make other people smile in pictures. And that's how cheese was born.

LUIS
But...

HARVEY
That was...

LUIS
When you were a child.

HARVEY
Why did it take so long-

LUIS
Getting cheese to market? It took you-

HARVEY
Almost 35 years?

AARON
To be honest with you, I just kinda forgot about it.

RODGER
He and I met in the park one day. I asked if he would take my picture, and he agreed. He's such a nice guy. I said "Cheese!", he shouted
(MORE)

RODGER (cont'd)
"Oh yeah!" and he took off running.
Never got my camera back, and I
never saw him again.

LUIS
So why keep the ingredients a
secret? Why not partner with Milk?

Aaron turns his chair around and faces the wall. He leans
back until the back of the chair touches the table.

AARON
Well, Harvey, I'll tell you.

HARVEY
What?

AARON
I said, 'Well, Harvey-'

HARVEY
I can't understand a goddamn word
you're saying.

AARON
Oh... sorry.

Aaron turns his chair back around to face Harvey.

AARON (cont'd)
Better?

HARVEY
Much.

AARON
To be honest with you, Harvey, I
didn't know Milk even existed.
That's the truth. When I made
cheese out of milk, I didn't know
milk existed. So, I didn't think to
partner with them and didn't think
I would need to tell anybody how I
made cheese, and figured I could
just enjoy all the profits
guilt-free.

Luis leans over to Harvey. Harvey leans over to Luis.
Neither of them are saying anything.

HARVEY
Switch sides.

Luis leans away from Harvey. Harvey leans away from Luis.

HARVEY (cont'd)
And back.

Luis leans back. Harvey leans back.

HARVEY (cont'd)
And forward.

Luis leans forward. Harvey leans forward.

LUIS
If you gentlemen will kindly excuse
us, we need to talk this over.

AARON
Absolutely, no problem.

RODGER
Please, take your time.

There's a beat as they all sit in silence.

HARVEY
Get the hell out.

AARON
Oh, sorry. I thought...

HARVEY
You thought what?

RODGER
I guess we thought you guys were
going to step into the hall?

HARVEY
A step in a hall is called a
stairwell, Rodger. I don't have
time for this bullshit. Why don't
you get the hell out of this
goddamn conference room and we'll
call you when we've come to a
decision.

Harvey and Luis step out into the hallway.

10

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CONFERENCE ROOM

10

Harvey and Luis form a football (American, not soccer) huddle in the hallway.

LUIS

What do you think, Harvey?

HARVEY

I believe him.

LUIS

Same, 100%. He said he didn't know milk existed, and I believe it.

HARVEY

Hell, I didn't know that cats could be boys until just a few days ago.

LUIS

Shit, up until yesterday I thought the moon was just the back of the sun, and that's why we call it "mooning".

HARVEY

I thought trees were just pieces of broccoli that nobody ate and so they got to grow.

LUIS

So what do you want to do?

HARVEY

Whatever good lawyers do.

LUIS

And what's that?

There's an awkward silence. Rachel walks by.

HARVEY

Rachel!

LUIS

Rachel!

RACHEL

Not now, Harvey and Luis.

Rachel walks away.

11 EXT. COFFEE CART

11

Rachel and Donna are at the coffee cart. They are planning to order some coffee when they get to the front of the line.

RACHEL

What are you planning to order when we get to the front of the line, Donna?

DONNA

Coffee. How about you? What are you planning to order when we get to the front of the line, Rachel?

RACHEL

Coffee.

DONNA

Nice choice.

Someone walks past them, and they both immediately shut up - as if their conversation about coffee was even interesting. The person is out of sight, and Rachel bursts into tears.

DONNA (cont'd)

Oh my god, Rachel what is it?

RACHEL

Don't you ever worry about things?

DONNA

I don't, because I'm Donna. But I understand human need to worry.

RACHEL

I just find myself worrying about every tiny little thing in life - things that may or may not even be detrimental to me or to my well-being. And, sometimes, I even find myself worrying about things that could possibly involve Mike.

DONNA

What kind of things?

RACHEL

Well, like, last night, we were robbed. Someone broke into the apartment with a mask and a gun, and took our stuff. And the whole time he was there, pointing a gun

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)
in my face, screaming and yelling
about how he was going to kill
me... I couldn't help but feel
worried.

DONNA
Rachel... That's one thing. You're
making it seem like it happens all
the time.

RACHEL
Well, so get this. This morning,
I'm on my way to work, right? I'm
on the subway, when all of a
sudden, it stops. No warning,
nothing. It just stops. And
everyone is looking around, and
we're all wondering what's going
on, and... I'm just going to say
it. I was worried I wouldn't make
it to work on time.

DONNA
Okay, that is a bit excessive. Why
do you worry so much about these
little, insignificant things?

RACHEL
I think it's because every since I
realized I wanted to be a lawyer, I
was worried that I would never be
able to live up to the accomplished
and brilliant lawyer my father was.
That I would spend every waking
minute trying to do his legacy
proud, but end up disappointing him
from his own shadow. That... I
don't know... I guess I was just
worried I wouldn't match up.

DONNA
So you start worrying about these
trivial things because of some
dumb, idiotic, absolutely moronic
feeling you have about your dad?
Rachel that's bullshit and you know
it. Tell me what's really going on.

The girls get to the front of the line. Rachel is full on
ugly-crying. She's loud, snot is everywhere, she's spitting
and drooling, sniffing and coughing. Through her disgusting
cryface, she orders. As a fun piece of trivia and easter
egg, the COFFEE CART GUY is played by me.

RACHEL
One coffee, please.

COFFEE CART GUY
Let me see if I have any more...

Rachel scream-cries and falls to her knees.

DONNA
(shrugging, as if she didn't
give a shit about Rachel)
She's a worrier.

Sad trombone sound effect. Smash fade to black.

12

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE

12

Mike is in his office. Across the desk from him sits one of the execs from pork. His name is... I don't know... GREG? He is wearing a red, three piece suit with white squiggly stripes on it. It looks like it's made out of bacon. It smells like it too, but the home audience won't get that until 15 years from now, when Smell-o-vision is finally released to the public.

MIKE
Thanks for coming to meet me, Greg.

GREG
Of course. How could I resist the opportunity to meet with my favorite sauce of entertainment?

MIKE
I don't have your sauce, Greg.

GREG
Why not?

MIKE
I'll tell you why not.

GREG
Wonderful, thank you. Please proceed.

MIKE
I shall proceed, thank you.

GREG
My pleasure.

MIKE

I don't have it because I gave it to my friend Boomtown at the SEC, how about that?

GREG

What? Why?

MIKE

Maybe because I saw through your little scam. Maybe because I knew there was important and incriminating documentation on the inside of that label that would put you out of business for good. Or maybe just because he asked for some sauce, and I let him borrow it, and then I forgot to get it back from him after lunch was over.

GREG

Is it that last one?

MIKE

Umm..... nooo....

GREG

Goddammit! Mike, this is bullshit and you know it!

MIKE

You know what I think is bullshit, greg? The excreted waste from a bull's anus.

GREG

Mike, you represent us. You're our lawyer - our employee. Why are you trying to hurt us?

MIKE

You know who loved people, Greg? My parents. But they're dead now. They died in a car accident, and now they're gone.

GREG

Mike, I'm...

MIKE

You're Greg, I know. And my parents are dead, Greg. Hit by a drunk driver. And let me ask you this,

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
 Greg; do you think they got
 justice?

GREG
 Yes?

MIKE
 Greg, I was so obviously setting
 you up for a no. They didn't get
 justice, Greg. The cops sat on each
 other's goddamn butts and did
 nothing. I've hated pigs ever
 since.

Mike pulls a picture out of his desk and looks at it
 solemnly. In it, a car accident. His parents are hanging out
 of the windows, dead. In front of the car, two cartoon pigs
 in police uniforms are laughing and eating donuts.

GREG
 Mike, I'm so sorry. I didn't know.
 I didn't know.

MIKE
 That's the problem with guys like
 you, Greg. You never stop to think
 about dead parents. That's why I
 have to do this.

GREG
 Reconsider, Mike. Please.

MIKE
 Reconsider? Reconsider? As in, to
 consider again? Not going to
 happen.

GREG
 Then I guess we will see you in
 court. We're suing you for trying
 to hurt our business. Which reminds
 me, I need you to defend us in
 court against some guy who's trying
 to bring our company down.

MIKE
 Who is it?

GREG
 No one you know.

GUS
Should I leave?

13 INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE 13

Luis and Harvey are sitting down.

LUIS
Let's go to my office.

HARVEY
Why?

LUIS
All my research is in there.

They get up and exit.

14 INT. LUIS' OFFICE 14

HARVEY
I forgot my pen.

They both exit

15 INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE 15

HARVEY
I don't know, Luis, like a pen? It looks like a pen.

LUIS
Well I don't see anything here!

HARVEY
Look harder!

LUIS
This is hopeless. I have a pen you can borrow in my office.

16 INT. LUIS' OFFICE 16

Harvey is writing something. Luis is writing something. Both are silently writing something.

HARVEY
It's just not the same. I want my pen!

LUIS

Ugh.

17 INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE 17

Both are looking around

18 INT. HARVEY'S CAR 18

Both are looking to no avail

19 INT. HARVEY'S APARTMENT 19

Both are looking, but can't find it.

HARVEY

This is crazy.

Harvey is visibly frustrated. He shoves his hands into his pockets. Suddenly, a coy smile spreads across his face.

HARVEY (cont'd)

You're not going to believe this...

LUIS

Don't tell me.

HARVEY

I don't even own a pen.

LUIS

Harvey!

Luis wags his finger at Harvey. Harvey shrugs and sheepishly kicks invisible dirt.

20 INT. LUIS' OFFICE 20

The duo is hard at work on the case. They are writing things, they are reading things, they are doing all kinds of stuff that lawyers do, man. It's pretty intense. An intense song is playing in the background, something like "Sabre Dance."

HARVEY

So we've got someone that invented something, without knowing the thing that the thing they invented is made from that original thing

(MORE)

HARVEY (cont'd)
they didn't know existed. And
basically, we just need to prove
that it's possible.

LUIS
It's simple enough. We've done this
a million times before. Let's think
about history. What can we use.
What was the first precedent?

HARVEY
A white guy.

LUIS
Hmm... Washington... Washing...
ton... Washing a ton...

HARVEY
Laundry!

LUIS
And where do you put the laundry?

HARVEY
In the washing machine?

LUIS
Exactly. And how do you work a
washing machine?

HARVEY
I don't know... the maid always
does it.

LUIS
Exactly! And what is a maid?

HARVEY
Someone you hire to clean?

LUIS
Clean what?

HARVEY
My apartment.

LUIS
Apartment - you see that?
Apartment. Not togetherment. Two
things, separated from each other,
with hired help leading the way.

HARVEY
But who hired the help?

LUIS
That's the question. I think once
we find that out, we'll know how to
put the two pieces back together!

HARVEY
Nice job, Luis. Let's get something
to eat.

21 INT. RESTAURANT

21

Luis and Harvey are sitting next to each other in a booth at a nice restaurant. Harvey is drinking a nice scotch, and Luis has a pineapple with the top cut off and a bunch of umbrellas and crazy straws and fruit sticking out of the top. He reaches his hand in and pulls out a glass of scotch. The two take a sip. The water comes by. He is holding a huge banana split - ice cream, whip cream, sprinkles, sparklers, the whole deal.

WAITER
Your ice cream, gentleman.

Harvey and Luis are holding their spoons, banging the butt of it on the table and kicking their legs. "Ice cweam, ice cweam, ice cweam!" they chant as the waiter lights the candles.

HARVEY
I love ice cream.

LUIS
Me too! I wonder how they make ice
cream. Like... what's even in it?

HARVEY
Wait... you don't know what's in
ice cream?

LUIS
No... do you?

HARVEY
...No. We both love ice cream...
but neither of us know what's in
it. Just like Aaron loved cheese,
but didn't know what's in it. Holy
shit, Luis - that's it!

LUIS
Harvey you son of a bitch, you did
it!

HARVEY
Wow, fuck you, dude.

The camera pans over to the clock on the wall, which ticks out a minute in real time. It pans back to Harvey and Luis who are covered in chocolate and sprinkles. Not like they have some on their mouth, but like, they are legit covered in chocolate and sprinkles. The waiter comes back.

WAITER
Everything taste okay, gentlemen?

LUIS
Delicious.

HARVEY
Hey, what was in that, anyway?

WAITER
What, ice cream? It's just really
cold milk

Harvey and Luis look at each other with their mouths completely agape. They run out the door. The waiter rolls his eyes.

WAITER (cont'd)
Lawyers...

22 INT. COURT ROOM

22

Mike is standing in the middle of the court room. Everyone is silent, they are hanging on every word he's saying. He looks so cool. He's so good at being a lawyer.

MIKE
And that, your honor, is why we are
suing for defamation of character.
And I intend to prove, beyond a
shadow of a doubt, that they are
maliciously and intentionally
saying mean things about us and
hurting our feelings.

JUDGE
Thank you, Mr. Ross. Does the
defense have anything to say?

Mike walks to his seat and sits down. He then stands up, walks to the other table, and sits down there. He stands up and walks into the middle of the court room.

MIKE

I do, your honor. Let me ask you this; is it defamation of character is everything I'm saying is absolutely true?

JUDGE

I have no idea. I assume so?

MIKE

Let's pretend for a second that it's not.

JUDGE

I'll allow it.

MIKE

Pork is colluding with beef-

JUDGE

The food or the company?

MIKE

Both.

JUDGE

You may proceed.

MIKE

Pork is colluding with beef to take down the chicken industry, your honor, and I intend to prove it.

Mike runs back to the prosecution's table and sits behind it. He stands up.

MIKE (cont'd)

(yelling)

OBJECTION!

JUDGE

You better be going somewhere with these accusations, counselor.

Mike sits back down. He then runs into the center of the courtroom.

MIKE
Let me ask you this, your honor.
What do they call pork?

JUDGE
The other white meat.

MIKE
Oh. Huh... I guess you got me
there...

Mike runs back and sits down. He smiles smugly at himself.
He runs back to the center of the courtroom.

MIKE (cont'd)
Oh wait... there is just one more
thing...

The entire courtroom gasps.

MIKE (cont'd)
Your honor, have you ever seen a
pig?

JUDGE
I have.

MIKE
And, let me ask you this, your
honor... What color was that pig?

Mike runs back and sits down. He stands up.

MIKE (cont'd)
(shouting)
OBJECTION!

JUDGE
Overruled!

Mike slams his fist on the table. He stands up and runs back
to the center of the courtroom.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Answer the question, me.

MIKE
Your honor, answer the question.

JUDGE
The pig... was pink.

Everyone in the courtroom passes out. Fade to black.

23 INT. HARVEY'S APARTMENT 23

Harvey is sitting on the couch. He is very slowly eating a single Cheeto. If we can't afford the rights to Cheetos, Andy Caps Hot Fries will do. He looks out the window, thinking.

24 INT. LUIS' APARTMENT 24

Luis is writing in his dream journal.

LUIS

Dear Dream Journal. I am currently
awake, and therefore not dreaming.
Please leave me alone.

Outside, the sun goes "bwoop!" and falls from the sky, and the moon goes "woop!" into the sky, and then the moon goes "bwoop!" and falls from the sky and the sun goes "woop!" It is now the next morning.

25 INT.OFFICE, OUTSIDE THE ELEVATORS 25

Harvey and Luis' elevator arrive at the same time. Because they were in the same elevator. They exit the elevator.

HARVEY

Morning.

LUIS

Morning.

Mike gets out of another elevator. He looks at Harvey.

MIKE

It's done.

HARVEY

(confused)

What?

MIKE

You said the next words you want to
hear out of my mouth better be
"It's done."

HARVEY

What's done?

MIKE
The pork case.

HARVEY
Pork case? What are you doing,
making sausage?

MIKE
Ugh.

Mike walks away, annoyed.

LUIS
I'll never get tired of the way you
mess with Mike.

HARVEY
Who?

Donna gets out of another elevator.

DONNA
You boys ready for court today?

HARVEY
First of all, Donna, we're not
boys. We have hairs on our goddamn
peepees. And second of all, you
better believe we're ready.

26

INT. COURT ROOM

26

This is a different courtroom, by the way. And when I say "JUDGE" here in a minute, it should be noted that this is a different judge as well. This judge looks like John Malkovich. Please note, he only looks like him. Do not cast John in this role. Even if he's available, even if he offers to do it for free. But do try and find someone that looks EXACTLY like him.

JUDGE
Order in this court, order in this
court!

The judge is feverishly banging his gavel.

HARVEY
It's true your honor. Ice cream is
just really cold milk.

JUDGE

With this new information, I have
no choice but to rule in favor of
cheese in the amount of \$500
billies, baby.

Harvey, Luis, Aaron, Rodgers, and the Judge all jump into
the air and high five. It freeze frames in mid-air.

27

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 5

27

Conference Room 5 is decorated to look like the inside of a
fire station. Inside, Harvey, Donna, Mike, and Rachel are
sitting around the table talking. They are sipping on
drinks. Luis slides down the fire pole from the floor above.
He hands everyone a cigar.

LUIS

It's not a celebration if there are
no cigars.

HARVEY

I'll smoke to that!

Everybody lights their cigars and begins to furiously puff
on them. Their eyes bulge out of their heads and veins
appear on their forehead. The puff with such intensity,
their necks craned and strained, their brows furrowed so
hard a shadow casts over their eyes. The room fills with
smoke extremely quickly. The fire alarms go off.

MIKE

Good thing we're in a fire station!

Everyone laughs as the table catches on fire.

END